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GIVE TOMORROW
A Voice
TodayVANCOUVER
To "The
Voice"

The Whisper

A Journalette of Prevenient Thought

SEPTEMBER OCTOBER

Valley of the Pines, Montague, Michigan, U. S. A.

1934

It is the Thought for Tomorrow
that Shapes Great Nations: not
Brute Force.

"Give Tomorrow a Voice Today."

"Prevent Rather than Cure."

"Let us shape Tomorrow's Genera-
tion rather than patch up Yesterday's
mistakes."

GIVE IT A THOUGHT

WHO SHALL SAY you are wise,
or a fool?

Is not the greatest fool in an asylum
the wisest?

And often the wisest man among
us is judged a fool.

Then who are they who presume
to judge who is who?

HE WHO WORSHIPS a greater
power than himself

Is a student of God.

His progress depends upon his con-
tinuity of holy purpose,

With reason as a foundation,

Hope as a compass,

And faith as the power of propulsion
Or growth to his realization:

As the little green sprig coming out
of the ground, Hope;

The blossom, Faith;

The fruit, Life.

The American Triad: LIBERTY ▲ EQUALITY ▲ FRATERNITY

Are There Racketeers in Every Profession?

If there are not racketeers in all professions, why are we not taught how to prevent? Is it because knowledge is limited, and kept within bounds of particular grafters? Or is it but the capacity of a selfish man who does not give the money's worth as expected. Do men not know that in the means and process of preventing there are greater returns than in their solution of "Cure."

If you want to hear some real truth, it is sometimes well to ask a retired army man, a retired politician, minister or pugilist. You might get an unadulterated, uninfluenced opinion of the truth without a sword hanging overhead, a club, a cross, or a stronger right arm.

Why do you suppose that a young medical student carries about him his classroom, "lab" experience and instructions (such as they may be) —until like a little chick he throws off his pin-feathers and finds the real information under a rose bush, the underbrush of experience; like the

soldier who has once made his kill by order and obedience of a stranger, not impelled by justice, but compelled by injustice; like the politician upon initiation making his vow of which he knows nothing until he has sworn it; and like many ministers whose mind was compelled to obey ambitious parents, and who gave birth to pugilists who seldom know life after thirty.

Do the real educators in office feel that they may be heard as to their own opinion? Or are they compelled under the law to obey or accept the terms.

In other words, are all professions walled in under a law "As Is?"—or are they susceptible to the variation of modern and future truth. If so, why are they forced to alter opinions to keep up with modern accepted facts? Schools and universities are not the only places to learn what are facts; nor a nation's sham battles.

Beware of the man who has an axe

The Whisper

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of Prevenient Thought

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By
JOSEPH A. SADONY

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POLICY

Prevenient Education.

*International and Inter-organiza-
tional Understanding and Intellectual
Cooperation.*

*Ethical, Educational, Non-political,
Non-commercial, Non-sectarian Union
of Science and Religion.*

to grind, or you may sharpen it and find on awakening that your own timber is down. Upon whom can we depend as upon that man who has gone to desert and jungle with no debts, with a clear conscience, and with a love of truth for truth's sake? He would not plant it in the desert, for he finds not even a blade of grass to flourish; nor in the jungle where all is one useless growth of mold. But he would, under the circumstances of survival, plant what he has at the extreme edge of both, like the river that runs through a desert framed by green vegetation, the demarkation of its own path.

HUMAN INSTRUMENTS.

You are a human instrument upon which your brain composes and plays melodies and tunes. But how many rent or lend their instrument to others? Some borrow many to organize an orchestra. Some give their instruments away so that others may play upon it, as in slavery.

Why not listen occasionally at the sound of great waterfalls, and hear what it says in its volume of sound; then to the meadow lark as accompaniment to the rising of the sun, or the nightingale on a quiet, peaceful night: then try to realize what use they make of their instrument of expression as a thanksgiving of self-preservation instinctively, as Nature has produced the tone, the pitch, the melody and composition, identifying itself as one in God's orchestra.

Do you sing a solo, in a quartette or a choir? Or just silent, with no expression, no echo, no response—not even a shadow! If this be true, then you are but a child of the night where no shadows shape themselves where there is no sun.

THE TRIPOD OF LOVE

Be very cautious in choosing a mate for life, just as a farmer is cautious in choosing his fruit twigs that he grafts onto full-grown trees. He must know the life of the tree from which he chooses that graft, or it may leave a scar of a shorter life than its adopted body.

So it is with a mate. Expect most anything if you choose promiscuously a lifelong companion. And incidentally bear in mind that two sticks leaned against each other, will not stand. But one more, and you have a firm tripod that will stand firmly on any uneven ground.

Man and woman represent the two: a child represents the third that enables a family to stand firmly on any ground; for it is love.

SUFFERING SELF-INFLICTED

Have you ever known in your life anyone that suffered unjustly, where it was not their own fault?

History tells you one thing, but facts tell you another. Ask the unfortunate who has been visited with

calamities and heart-aches. Let him or her tell you the real facts, and you will find how just the law of God, Compensation. When you give the child or young man keen weapons of defense, and he lays them aside, then when adversity visits him, which expects a defence, the weapons cannot be found.

Now then, do your investigating conscientiously and you'll find most of the intense suffering consciously or unconsciously self-inflicted.

WHY BEMOAN YOUR "FATE"?

When your body is shackled, your mind may still be free. God gave man a substitute for everything: imagination, for the freedom of body; reason to supplant intuition; fear and anger for sorrow and joy.

If your heart be set to travel in the dangerous jungles of Africa, and you are not fitted to go, allow your mind to go in the safe footsteps of strong travelers who have been. Read their experiences without the danger and suffering they have had; and your heart will get its thrill as a substitute.

For that reason God gave us the duality of life. He gave us a want that can be gratified if we but seek and knock. Surely that is not too much to pay for its realization.

If I gave you a yard measure do I not give you the figure one inch as the beginning, and thirty-six as the end, with its alpha and omega, the desire and its realization.

So it is with all things, if you only knew it. The moment the shell of the seed fractures its desire is born to blossom, in pride, vanity and sleep. The moment its petals fade, its fruit matures, in which rests the seeds, once more to see the light of day in new bodies, a lifelong substitute.

Are we not substitutes for God? Should we not walk as uprightly, with such an honor, at least to remember it? And if not, then awaken by the words of the master substituting for the Christ?

Where is your excuse? Is that a poor substitute too?

SIMPLICITY is sanctified idleness waiting to be born.

Rhythm

Do you realize the simple power of rhythm? If not, go to a dance. Let the rhythm of music intoxicate you, and see if you do not fall under its spell, and dance.

Then go away and look from the distance with a telescope, and see the dancers without hearing the music, and see how foolish it appears, at the expense of dignity. Where is the power?

Listen to the army drums going to battle—the rhythm of war. . . Walk in the solemn funeral march, or the rhythm of the army and navy bands returning victorious.

Listen to the rhythm of the prison bell, or the monotonous lock-step of the inmates. Just ask one of these unfortunates who has been released after fifteen years, and you will realize what rhythm really means to the vibration of life itself—even in the cry of a baby in fear, pain or joy; in the tender voice of lovers . . . All is rhythm, vibration—or merely noise, as our finest orchestra sounds to the uneducated savage, while his rawhide tomtom sounds only as a monotonous drone to us. Yet how sweet is the sound of the Queen Bee's wings to the drone . . . All Nature's voice of vibration that may tempt or ruin your boy or girl: awaken them, or stun their morals.

Is it not worth while to give it a thought? What influence has the Indians' war dance, ghost dance, or songs of victory—the tick of the clock that tells us one tick less of life, or one tick nearer to success—the ever-moving pendulum tries to teach.

By sorrow we intensify our joys. Each cell added to the brain means one more to die. A child is given birth, only to die—the vibration of life and Life . . .

IS IT NOT the coward who raves about doing our duty,
While the silent hero has no time to shout.
He does things that shout for him.

At The Fulcrum



A PERSONAL EDITORIAL

The Turtle

I saw a large turtle sitting on a log. I asked for the answer, because I questioned the usefulness or reason of so wasteful a life, to sit in the sunlight and disappear in the mud at night, year in and year out, while the cheerful little wren gave birth to eight or ten young ones each season, feeding their hungry little bodies thousands of insects, still having time enough to sing.

Then I heard a voice within myself: "What made you think that thought? The turtle drew your attention, did it not? Can it not be a milestone on the road of reason to that city of Knowledge? For the turtle is very contented: It pays taxes for existing by giving birth to its own likeness. There are many human turtles, just contented, sitting by the fireside all their lives in contentment only: not like the little wren who has contentment, but by its song gives pleasure."

So I began to figure that there must have been a reason provided for the turtle's existence, or he could not possibly be contented. It remains with men and women to use

contentment only as a base to happiness. Nature may feed and provide for us unto contentment: but we must repay for what we have received, constituting the Law of Compensation, though we feel entitled to all we eat, perhaps, and must make some effort to obtain, not alone to exist, but for the sake of health's contentment.

Still, someone filled that food cache. Who is to maintain and refill it for what we have taken? Let us do something in order to be remembered, adding pleasure to the contentment of the next wayfaring man.

And then I thought: Who is the man—the body? or what that body produced. Which is the power: the automobile? or the gasoline that propels it. Why Personality or Character, if we are to believe that flesh is that which we really love?

There on the road stand two cars of the same make; one ten years old, the other just out of the factory. They race, and both do their best. The new one comes in way ahead. Now can you blame this on the gasoline, or the engine? It is likewise with our souls in using our bodies. One day of a turtle is ten days for a wren, depending on the output of mental energy. This is Relativity.

And so it is with ourselves, when the time draws near for our own passing. We do not dread it, because our machine goes its fastest. We believe our limit and are contented. But when we are far from death, we worry. For that thing in us which worries is all energy, and it behooves it to repel the thought with what life it possesses: which is proof of resistance and vitality.

Our mental faculties demand that each faculty be given a place to grow, in order to make a perfect human world bouquet, like the fingers of the hand. We must include vegetable, medicinal plants, hemp for clothing, and fragrantly odorous plants for luxury and deodorizers.

But as it is, many philosophers have begun to study in ignorance, accumulated knowledge, and died as ignorant as at birth in trying to prove the word, "IS."

Why prove a thing when we have no right to demand it, knowing the

fact that we possess or are possessed by a consciousness that thinks without our effort, a human machine that is regulated, destined, protected, without the use of our own mind.

The only answer is Normality, Balance, Common Sense and Poise—just a few degrees above contentment, using perfumes, flavors, intoxicating drinks, medicines, servants, whims and opinions but sparingly, just as the young boy who cannot swim should remain near the shore, for he was meant to walk and not to swim, or he would have been more closely related to the Fish.

Why question the Higher Powers when we cannot even answer the common things about us?

Surely you will admit that when you saw a spider's web stretched across your path, that it was quite natural and reasonable to believe that both ends were fastened to some object, even though too dark to see. And as you read these lines there is also stretched a silken thread, both ends resting upon Cause and Effect. And such a silken thread is attached to the hearts of all who are interested in the same flow of happiness and purpose as we.

It is as if we all were like a luscious bunch of grapes, drinking through the same vine-stem, only separated by a skin-like wall, creating the individual personalities—drinking from the same cup. For otherwise why should I be writing this for you to read?—If there were not as much pleasure to give, as to receive. And what is the difference? We have two fine highbred Jersey cows, who are so glad to receive an armful of clover, and when milking time comes they are so glad to get rid of all their milk, or it might cause milk-fever: it is like us all. We accumulate knowledge by experience, and must make use of it, or it will cause a mental fever of discontent.

I will try to show you a new world that is yours, if you dare to accept it, and cultivate the many little beds within the garden of your heart. For after all, there are three points of happiness, the symbol of the Triangle: Anticipation, Realization, and Meditation—to expect a sweetheart,

to embrace, and to think of that loved one. No matter where he or she may be in existence, each will be waiting. For what they may pass through, we can. Nothing was ever created to be destroyed. Though we may assume that the moment the shot was fired there was no more danger, still the bullet in silence speeds to someone's death. As with our deeds, be they to destroy or save, they are bound to return, as do all things, in cycles. . . .

So come now, try to sense and realize that world of intuition that is within ourselves, that has so much to give that is so easy to understand, and so far-reaching.

It is like a prayer, which in itself perhaps means a few poetic paragraphs—or like the action of the hands that may either use an axe, or sign a check—The attitude of prayer in itself is tuning in, creating a condition to answer the question.

Why is there a Broadcaster? It is the Cause. It was first. Then came the effect, the receiver. God was first, the Broadcaster. We became the receivers. There need be but one God. But how many million receivers! So let us try to be clear receivers, able to record the most wonderful inspiration, that will enable us to re-broadcast to millions more: as a relay station, messages to uplift, to help those who are just contented, as turtles, to feel the touch of the sunshine of exquisite happiness.

I saw a large turtle sitting on a log. I asked for the answer, because I questioned the usefulness or reason of so wasteful a life. And then I heard a voice within myself, "What made you think that thought? And what thoughts will be born of that thought, and what thoughts of those thoughts—on without end?"

So I realized that even a turtle can be a milestone on the road of reason to the City of Knowledge.



Thought

Is it an experienced brain only that creates thought, individuality or consciousness? Or is an experienced brain acted upon by thought. Does the magnet create magnetism, or

is steel acted upon only . . .

If it creates magnetism, where was the magnetism before it became a magnet; and when lost, where did it go? And how returned by the touch of an electric current?

Is this not like thought? Where was it when men forgot to think in sleep, or under an anaesthetic? Might not our real spiritual consciousness think more clearly to our conception if our mortal identity did not drown out our mental sub-consciousness? If our body is not "acted upon," where were we before birth? If I do not add more strings to my harp, can I play a complete melody? Is that melody out of existence because I have strings missing and cannot produce them; or a fool unable to produce Milton's PARADISE LOST, for lack of normal brain cells of memory? Is a man incapable of singing to himself because he is deaf and dumb? Has he no substitute? May he not hear music and you near him know nothing of it? May our thoughts not be the shadow of the real? Is not magnetism the shadow or effect of electric echoes? Can we sense spiritual answers by material questions, or vice versa? Do we not absorb electric elements in food that gives our arms the strength to lift great weights, as the magnetic pull of a great armature?

What is the difference between the relationship of 2 and 2, and 22 and 22, 222 and 222, and so on, if not the same, relatively. Likewise with all Nature's cycles, symbols and examples, if we but apply them according to our understanding. To understand is to experiment, to analyze sounds and echoes, joys and sorrows, cold and hot, akin to 2 plus 2; for both extremes will destroy life by attraction and repulsion; north and south poles of the magnet.

Touch your tongue to frosted steel: it will be held there, tearing off the skin. Place a drop of water on a hot stove. It will be forced away from it, prevented from touching it by the force of steam. There are

YOUR RICHES are but the shadow
ows your mind created,
But where was the light that shone
on your mind
To have created that shadow?

some new strings to your harp. Now let thought play a tune upon it to add to your memory, to build new composites, which still are older than the mountains. So in gather-

ing knowledge born of wisdom, you must have been acted upon. You heard a melody, so our individual objective activity was acted upon to sing the understanding into words.

"I Have Been Asked"

I have been asked if it is possible to know in advance, or in other words, to prophesy what a human being will do, or what will happen to him under given circumstances not previous experienced by such a human being, and without previous knowledge concerning that human being.

That is what I have been doing all my life, in all of its manifold phases. I have proven it in over twenty thousand well-defined cases, to say nothing of the more casual circumstances of daily life. I have in meeting strangers told them that by or upon a given day there would be a death in their home, not having any knowledge whatever of anything concerning those in question. Were previous knowledge the basis of my predictions, my brain would have been burned out long ago.

The man of knowledge has his knowledge as a basic element by which to judge the explosions of two chemicals tried by experience with given results. The man of wisdom converses intuitively with the spirit of the elements and hears the silent explosions of the two strange elements of which he has previously known nothing at all. In other words, he figures intuitively, from the bottom of the column, which begins with the result of the sun; while the man of knowledge begins at the top: Deduction and induction.

One analyzes the ocean with its contents; the other, from whence the river picked up its clay. One thinks through his memory to form his inductions; one by thoughts already thought for him by deduction. One figures the temperature from zero; and one from the boiling point. One judges a man how bad he is, and one how good he is. One teaches by hell-fire and punishment to make him good; and one by heavenly teachings to prevent him from being bad. So we can take our choice.

And this reminds me of a tale told in Palestine about a Sultan who woke in the middle of the night after

a bad dream and summoned the members of his council and the wise men of his court to interpret it for him. An impetuous young man, eager for distinction, braved the possible displeasure of his ruler by saying "O Sultan, the dream be to your enemies, and the interpretation of it to all those that hate you; for its significance is dreadful. It portends the destruction of all your relatives before your eyes in one day."

The sultan was angered by this explanation and had the young man severely punished for venturing to predict evil to his sovereign. All but an aged prophet feared to attempt further interpretation, trembling in their robes. This aged one, however, said "Praised be Allah, who has vouchsafed to reveal to your majesty the blessing which is undeserved mercy he intends to bestow upon the nations under your dominion. Happy are we, happy are all who enjoy the honor and privilege of being your subjects, O Sultan; for this is the matter that the Almighty has made known to you, that you are destined to outlive all your kindred."

The sultan was so pleased with this interpretation of his dream, so runs the anecdote, that he ordered the old man's mouth to be filled with pearls, a gold chain to be hung around his neck, and a robe of honor

to be given him. The son of the grand vizier, however, whispered to his father, "I can see no real difference in the two interpretations." "Oh, my son" replied the vizier. "In this life you will find that it is not so much what a man says as the way in which he says it."

There are always two ways of telling the truth: the way of the Night, and the way of the Day; and I believe, from my viewpoint, that is better to teach power and goodness only, and let the pupil use his energy because he longs to "be", and loves it, instead of teaching him punishment of what not to do, which he fears.

Why should we learn all the evil in order to avoid it, when there is so much good to see that we are blind to evil and never acquire it? Was it necessary for Jesus of Nazareth to know all the "evil" in order to preach all the good? Should we teach a virgin immorality when her footprints will never be seen in mud and slime? Would the pure white lily become less spotted, having been told of the slime through which it was born? Then why add that memory to its personality. Knowing it, might it not become vain in realizing its spotlessness, which Nature gave it, and assume it herself through her will-power?

If I have a watch that has kept good time for years, and one day it goes too slow, I am not going to blame the jeweler from whom I bought it. I am going to blame myself according to what use I made of it.

And so it is with Leaders today. They become careless with the accuracy of truth. And that is why God gave us time, the square and compass, to test the accuracy of our own. To think it accurate does not make it so; and it is through this thinking that discord is born between two men.

AT ROCK BOTTOM

It is the duty of each man and woman, sane or insane, ignorant or wise, crook or saint, to give his honest opinion of life—that life which represents the complete diamond, Nature's many facets, true to color, according to how it was cut

and ground, to reflect the truth by its many colors and vibration so that sinner and saint may be truthful as to their existence and purpose: as near truth as possible; for originally the light they expressed was pure as it came from the sun, or Son, of God. Then it was altered in its reflection by impurities still in

the making of that one who strives to express what is received; and like the pure running brook that runs for ages over clay and mud, at last it reaches rock bottom, those rocks that hold the world together. Then the waters at the mouth of rivers shall become as pure as at their source.

The Intoxications of Life

Have you ever given it a thought that there are many other intoxications besides intoxicating drinks and drugs—that there are many things in life which, when acquired, will deaden the very thing we most desire?

Too much light blinds us, instead of giving us sight. Too much food weakens instead of strengthens. Too much flavor nauseates. Too much of any one thing paralyzes the virtue of itself.

Have you noticed how wealth loses its value if increased; how your fine, latest-model car has not the value of your first bicycle; and how you carelessly hang up your large diamond while washing your hands, perhaps incidentally forgetting to return it to your finger, having paralyzed its value by possession?

He who works too much has no time to pray; and he who prays too much finds no time to answer that prayer by labor, hence dies in hope instead of faith's realization.

What does your palatial home mean to you, after the novelty has worn off? Has it not intoxicated you to a blind lack of appreciation.

To possess only a little salt, pepper and mustard, as virtues, makes for health; but too much contributes to vice of disease. A little "for the stomach's sake", a little for the sake of everything we possess, as long as Nature demands obedience to its laws.

Too much travel becomes bore-some. The intoxication of music is an anaesthetic; but too much music produces a nervous condition. Too many drops of water will wear away the hardest flint.

There are so many things in life

which, if a little be used in its place, will bring health, happiness and long life. Our body can defend itself from a little mistake; but if intoxicated by overdoing anything, forfeits its life.

What is that life worth to you? Is not pent-up energy as dangerous as weakness in temptation. A steam boiler that carries too much pressure is apt to explode and kill. Not enough steam will not turn the wheels. Hence, murder and self-destruction. Every organ in the human body has its limitations. Use them according to Nature's instructions, and you will never know death, for you will have no regrets to leave behind. There will be but an empty sack, while the contents have been distributed equally in deeds, and a new birth. What that shall be, remains with you.



You are not very well acquainted with yourself. If you doubt it, consult your servants, your feet, hands, eyes, ears.

Get acquainted with your hands. Try to think three things that your right hand can do, and by habit it will do so, which your thoughts are incapable of doing.

Try to sing three songs at the same time, and note how you fail. Then teach your hands, which are your slaves, to play three different melodies at the same time, and they will accomplish it. You and your thoughts need but listen. So you see, you are not really acquainted with your hands.

Do you want to get acquainted with your feet and legs? If so, see how much faster they will run when a vicious dog chases you. Then

check up on your speed.

You are sitting quietly, blue and discouraged. Your thoughts run riot. Why is it that a knock at the door, a band suddenly playing on the street, a cry of "fire," subdues or intoxicates you? Why is it that on a dance floor you are apt to do the most ridiculous things, that you would not think of doing in "society" without music.

What is the difference between opening an envelope containing a summons to court to pay a thousand dollars at once, and opening an envelope containing an unexpected gift of a thousand dollars? Same paper, same address, same ink. You are sitting there using the same ears. Why should the music have had that effect, if we are not all intoxicated by possibilities, by noise, by discipline, debts and income.

To realize this, go on a vacation for a month in the woods. At first you are lost. You do not hear nor see that which intoxicates you to blindness. As long as the waltz lasted, you danced yourself to death. And as soon as the false appetite has been digested, you will begin to hear and see the most beautiful things, to which you were blind; and even though in solitary confinement, as many of our geniuses of the past who wrote their greatest works, deaf, dumb, blind and shackled: living in their work, more than those who preach it, act it and read it.

Why is it that a man of ease, when forced in shipwreck to go through all privations and sacrifice, will later brag and exaggerate what a good time he really had.

Tell me now you are not intoxicated by environments, and led on as long as the music plays! Why did the slot machine hold such fascination as you passed it? Was it hope, to get something for nothing? Why was it strengthened when the little boy just before you dropped a nickle and got the "Jackpot?" And why, when you put ten dollars and got nothing, the simpleton of the crowd put the next coin in and got what you wanted! Was the music then playing, and were you dancing out of step?

Just get wise to yourself and see whether you are driving your own horses, but holding on to the tugs, with heads free!

Human-Radio Review

You say you suffer so because you are alone and idle. Where did Bunyan obtain the story of "Pilgrim's Progress?" Had not some of our greatest writers been alone, they would not have been so crowded with the unseen masses which composed their inspiration.

No one need ever be alone or lonesome, if he will but spread out his wings of imagination that may carry him back into the ages of the past romances from which he sprang, lived and breathed: just as the last annual rings growth of a tree need but go deeper within itself to read last year's experience; and on into the heart of itself two hundred years in the past, still alive and growing. Yet you say you are lonely!—but unaware that you are so by choice and do not know it!

Three letters have come to me within a week from different persons, all declaring in one way or another that their "days of love are over."

What days do you mean? What love? Do you know what love means, and how many loves there are? Do you know that each has its intoxication? Does not the rapid ticking of a little girl's watch whisper the same as the slow ticking of the grandfather clock? The hands of each turn absolutely the same, telling the time from one hour to another. Thus also has each year of life its love, anticipation and happiness.

Is there any difference between the bursting of the seed when planted, and the bursting of its bud into blossom? Later, is not that embryonic seed, young as it is, older than its great, great grandfather? So if your grandchildren know how to love, whence has your love disappeared, that you seem to have lost?

Why not just give a little love, and see for what you exchange it. There are others as lonely as you are, just waiting to sense the return from your heart of their emotion in like impulses. You are not alone in your ambition in this world; but

you will feel alone if you insist you are. How can you enter your neighbor's home if you do not knock at the door; or expect to be greeted with, "Good morning!" if you failed to say "Good night!"

Music was only discovered as an echo-sound released harmoniously, able to affect the emotions of man akin to its vibration: just like that love stilled for want of your voice to be imprisoned within the heart-strings of another—to be released to be heard, to convince you that love is everywhere. Perhaps not the same chord or melody of Youth, but nevertheless a joy of maturity, that mellowness of life's contentment in all the fullness of possession. Is not the cricket as proud of its song as the Prima Donna is of hers before an audience?

When you seek love, would it not be well to learn where all the love came from, so you may always find the source of all love before you lose what you only think love might be? When you seek a lost article, you can only find it where it is. Why not look for the reason of your crabby nature. Find that cancer of pessimism and bitterness. You might discover it in your physical neglect.

Why not try the following mental alternative occasionally: Sit down and relax for an hour. Let your thought just delve where it may, a recess at play. See what influence these thoughts have over your habits. See if this relaxation does not strengthen your individuality, allowing an oak tree to assume its shape instead of that of a maple tree under whose jurisdiction you think you are held. You might be surprised to see a maple tree assume the form of an oak. The call of the wild is an example, with a wild animal born in captivity. Remember your color, blue, may assume a purple tinge to someone else, even though like begets like, depending upon what you favor in the com-

FEAR OF DEATH is the proof of Immortality.

position of desires. For you may have the thoughts of an oak, but the habits of a maple tree.

HAPPY IS THE MAN who can make his bread and butter taste like cake and ice cream. Relatively they are the same, but appreciation does the trick.

What difference between the game of marbles and bridge, as long as the enthusiasm is there? Why not play the Game of Life, using human beings as chess men or marbles, where the winner holds his winning by love and appreciation for good deeds only—and goes on, forgetting it all. Let others keep your book of consideration, then no credit can be overdone.

It is well enough to have a mouse or two to remind you that they might become elephants if not controlled.

It is well to keep one's eyes open to the temptation of others as a forewarning to ourselves of some weak spot hidden that may cry out too late unless it be for the whispering temptation of our neighbors, or the mouse . . .

In your business affairs are you like the spider who builds his web in a community far from his home, and takes only enough interest in that community to kill and possess, giving nothing in return for that which was taken; and when you are satisfied, destroy the web so that no other man may use it; and spin another, until the last web strangles you?

Dr. Menge of Marquette University quotes the following from the travels of the Bohemian Lev, Lord of Rozmital and Blatna, in Western Europe, 1465-1467.

A King of France while traveling in Catalonia, saw a man spending all of his time in planting date kernels.

"Why," he asked, "do you sow seeds of a tree of such tardy growth, seeing that the dates will not ripen till a hundred years be passed?"

"Am I not then," replied the other, "eating the fruit of trees planted by my forefathers who took thought for those who were to come?"

Why, therefore, should I not do like unto them?"

Have you ever stopped to think now your mind can govern environments, and strengthen its creation itself by allowing it to think; first to realize by obeying the law of Life, to feed the body a balanced ration: to listen to the body's call for help, or justice, so the groundwork of the mind may support the higher Ideals of that mind, made stronger to carry them out . . .

It often seems more wise to give your horse the last loaf of Bread, or drop of Water on a desert, than to eat and drink it yourself, when the horse is the foundation of your very life to carry you home safely . . .

Someone has said of Psychology, and it is not altogether unjustified in some directions, that "it is putting what everybody knows into language that nobody can understand."

There is no doubt that all subjects are over-rated in one direction, and under-rated in the other. The answer in this, as in other cases is "at the fulcrum" where so few seem able to pitch their tents. All men are inclined to be extremists until they endeavor to give equal weight to both sides of every question, then they will of necessity find the solution at that neglected third point which supported the other two.

It is no more necessary to take up all your time in the study of psychology than it is to be at home always, or at your office. But it is essential to linger awhile wherever you find an opportunity to acquire more knowledge to incorporate in your interests.

It will do you much good to see how far your mind can concentrate away from your daily occupations. You might touch a spring of inspiration or genius by your occasional dream that might be the reincarnated thought of an unfinished problem of your forefathers, which has been hidden in your mental make-up to prove up your breed or stock.

Would it not be moer easy to recognize a certain scene in beholding one of your father's boyhood days, if it roused a sort of dream picture as if you had seen it before? Try

this mind-reading stunt: Have five names written down. Have a friend write one of the names on a separate piece of paper and think of it strongly. Look over the list of names carefully and see which one impresses you most. Give it a fair trial and then let's see you deny transference of thought. If this be true, just see the possibilities.

Have you ever given thought to the fact that the world is always the same? We often imagine that people criticise us. Some days we find that everything goes wrong. People try to "beat" us. All the bills come in on the same day. Nothing seems right. But our neighbor may be having the opposite experience. Which proves that it is only ourselves. When one feels tired, only tired thoughts can be produced. When the body is weak, our actions are weak.

If you have not already seen the moving picture of the "House of Rothschild," you should do so at the first opportunity. And if it does not affect you, then you lack the fundamental constituents for survival in the present and approaching state of human evolution.

Even though the House of Rothschild be but a story, it has lived long enough to influence the emotions of the world, teaching thrift, loyalty, peace, economy, etc. Why then should it not have its effect upon morals, peace, long life and happiness now, by its precepts? If a twelve-inch rule measured the pyramids in one generation, why not in the next? A tried and true proverb fits in its place always. We have lost a lot of them quoted by Moses, Christ and the world's prophets and philosophers. But when we find them, let's hold them. For after all, it's not the shape and value of a marble, it's the game with the marble, symbolizing that we are playing with the world, the sun and the moon against the stars as marbles . . .

Have you ever given it a thought why so much dispute and argument as to truth—or one man's poison, another man's meat? Consider the agreeable tastes of an intelligent monkey compared to a gluttonous hyena, or the scavenger whose great-

est flavor of satisfaction is putrefaction, which to it is virtue, the acme of cleanliness and aroma. Here is truth, according to its constitutional taste-ducts. Is not our mind likewise, believing conscientiously according to our taste, to be correct in the deductions of what we possess to "deduct" with?

Have you ever stopped to think now unsafe your "certainties," and how erratic your opinion based on hearsay and a casual remark? It is far easier to convince one of new things than to tear down a conviction. You might in holding a steel bar, be convinced that it is cold. But place your hand in much colder water, and the bar will seem warm to the touch. If water is hot enough to burn, place your hand in water gradually heated to a temperature above that of the first, and you will find cool the same water that first gave you pain. All of which teaches us of Relativity, as knowledge based only upon the foundation we are able to assume with that mental timber we possess.

Have you ever stopped to think why you are impotent to achieve, and why you seem hopeless? Is it because your efforts and determination forced you ahead of those who were to serve you? Or were you unaware of the consideration of others who have the same privilege that you have . . .

It is but human nature to be influenced by the unknown, and too often men are made unhappy by the sword above their head—which does not exist.

Today I came across these, and consider them worth thinking about.

"The past and the future illumine only the great, as the rising and setting sun only gilds the mountain tops." Anonymous.

"Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion all in one." Ruskin.

"Men of long experience without learning have often proved of more benefit to society than learned men with experience." Bacon.

If you are the former, do not despair, but make good.

POWER

Power is but destruction if it cannot be controlled. We must learn to control first, for power is everywhere. And though man possess great powers, he may never hold them unless they be framed with simplicity, understanding and resignation.

Self control must be acquired. Then if one controls the power he holds, he becomes greater than that power, which is then his servant. He who holds his temper is greater than the man who provokes it.

There is just as much power in knowing how to direct power, as in possessing it. Power is both use-

of flesh or soul?

Power destroys itself by multiplying until there are no chains strong enough to hold it, hence dissipates by its own expansion into forms unrecognizable as "power." The strength of the reservoir is numbered by the rain-drops it can hold: one brick too many make ugly what might have been a beautiful building. One minute added to your neglected hour will save an innocent man, with a reprieve in your hand. Add one stone too many to your massive building, and it will crush that which is a part of itself. Power destroys itself unless we strengthen that which holds it, with the pur-

and doing nothing--getting nowhere.

It is not alone to possess power; it is more essential to know how to use it. Do not envy one who displays it unwisely, for he soon will be dispossessed of it, as with one who possesses wealth unguarded.

We say that "Power destroys itself." By this we mean what we commonly recognize as power. What is destroyed in reality is the channel which is not strong enough to hold it. The power bursts through the weakest point to freedom. It is still "in the air"—but temporarily useless to the "container" from which it was liberated. The power is gone from behind the bullet, the bullet still in its place.

No man can know power until he has realized his helplessness.

If one is too enthusiastic in the study of Man and his characteristics, he will destroy its value. In the latter part of the nineteenth century the masses were ignited by a wave of enthusiasm over the study of Phrenology, physiognomy, etc.,—and as quickly as it rose, it fell again, to be almost forgotten and condemned so that even truth was ridiculed, because of its infancy.

He who would study and learn, must allow acquired wisdom to go and grow hand in hand with the awakening intuition.

The former is the body and frame work; the latter the fluid and spirit. A skeleton is worthless without the life fluid, and the life fluid unrecognizable without the frame, giving it shape and individuality.

He who studies only one, without giving it a rest, will starve for the want of the other sinking in. Eat of one food alone, and the body will soon have its fill: and as with too much love, hatred is given birth to adjust love, as the crest of a wave and its trough.

So say those who have gone through it, and found the secret. We are each but one of many: still, each cog in the wheel of evolution is as valuable as the entire machine. Without it the machine would not move. The great power to propel would not demonstrate itself.

A slave by dignity and stately de-

—Give It A Thought—

YOU who claim an incurable disease,
Don't despair. Man's opinion is not always absolute.
A miracle is often a disguise of nature's law.
Let this, however, console you:
There are thousands of men absolutely healthy,
happy and confident of a long life,
And still the next day their bodies lie in the morgue,
And you with your fatal (?) malady still live on.
You are perhaps prepared for the inevitable.
The former was not.
So who should feel the most grateful?

less and harmful without direction. It is not the pressure of the steam gauge, neither the machine driven, but the destiny and purpose behind the created fuel that wears the crown of credit.

The sun gives only what may be used, and takes the rest away again. Power is unlimited, but we can use only what we are able to harness. We can take from the ocean only the water that we can hold in our cup. We can each understand of truth only what we have and are ourselves—the shape and size of our own skull.

What power is it in Man that grasps a full hand of clay and shapes with it Ideas of God, and Angels of Love? From nothing did he create all we conceive. Is this the opinion

pose first intended.

Where there is power, it exists unending; nothing can be accomplished without it—only we must know when to change this into new form, to avoid intoxication into vanity, which is one of its deadly poisons.

Power enslaves the mental faculties, and blinds them to the realization of the joy of appreciation. Today our young man steps on the gas of a hundred horse-power car at sixty miles per hour thinking only of his five hundred mile destination. Twenty-five years ago he handled his bicycle with pride, as his companion in muscular motion. He rode his way through by-paths and enjoyed nature. Now the boyish faculties are kept running like his powerful machine, going everywhere

meanor may become a master, while a master may be ridiculed by lowering his dignity or self-respect, admitting his shortcomings by his act, belying what he claims to be.

The average man's conception of "power" is wide of the mark. I have seen strong men strike weaker men just to exhibit their apparent "power." Still the little man comes out the victor.

Bleeding, he falls to the ground, but rising, he says, "Any brute can do that—but it did take a physically weak man to make you lose your self-respect, by awakening your brutality. A jack-ass can punch a harder blow than you, and still does not call himself a 'Man'." And with a smile of derision, he turns and goes his way, while the crowd cheer him, and ridicule the "beast," who sneaks up the alley.

Several months pass, as the story goes. The "beast" is arrested and stands before the judge to be sentenced. But the judge is lenient, for it is he who has been struck down by the same man. Who is the "strongest"?

Is the sword of the executioner any "stronger" than the pen that signs the reprieve? We must not seek "power" in the loud peal of thunder, but in the silent lightning; not in the loud-voiced orator, but in the silent worker; not in the demonstrative shadow of arrogance and false achievements, but in the silent power of creation which surrounds us, demonstrated by the unknown, curative power of the tom-toms in many of the Indian tribes; and in the power of the "felt-but-unspoken" which hides the unseen hand-clasp of Science and Religion.

The vegetable and animal world have theirs. Why not man for one day, to consider his map of activities, to review the week's trip, consult the map's road for next week, analyze truths of religion and morals, look over his books to see losses, and where to remedy them; to be charitable to offset the greed; to give rest to his locomotive, clean it up, look for flaws and loose bearings, re-oil, re-fuel, and be ready for a happy Monday rather than a blue one.

Sunday was intended as a day of review of sins and virtues, debts and credits; a limited chapter in our memory to check up to prevent repetition undesirable of those things becoming habitual; allowing the wheat grinders of the mill to rest, repair and adjust; looking about your neighbors' welfare as they about yours, in social interest.

A statue or valuable painting may be dusted every day, but it must have a Sunday washing, and be checked up from a routine that may damage it: only known when too late to prevent destruction. To prevent it, destroy the worm, and there can be no scars.

Sunday was invented by the Great Architect as a reminder to spin silken fibres of spiritual faith for the human caterpillar, a Cocoon, a Shroud, a Ship to carry us over the Wall, through the last door, over the silent, dark River of Life.

SUNDAY



Sunday is the last day of the week, the end of a story to review, the top of the weekly mountain, the last column in which to add up any losses and profits, our good and evil deeds. It is wash-day for our room of a guilty conscience. It is the day to compare results with the previous chapter of last Sunday; to reduce a debt or be reminded of one. Labor rests and sleeps for one seventh of the week, which is the butter on our bread, the gathering together of family ties.

Sunday is an inspiration to forge a chain of faith, which was born of hope for God's understanding why we exist, and to what end and purpose; bettering our lives, in order to live longer and harmoniously with others.

Live and let live. Would you dispose of your little finger in place of a thumb? Other nations, as little fingers, are just as essential for our progress. Would you dispose of working helpmates to do your own work which you have outgrown? If you don't believe this, do a little housework for your wife; a little shopping; and you may learn to be-

lieve it.

The fact that you know it is a Sunday, will force you to realize that others consider it a day of relaxation. That alone will have its influence on you, let alone the fact that if you labor, you do so alone.

The seasons have their "Sunday,"

Magnetism and Thought



Thoughts are vibrations, as are sounds, only more intense. It is not necessary to hear them to prove their existence. Sunlight is what we call a "vibration," still it cannot be heard. The more intense the vibration, the more heat.

The word, "Vibration" is misleading to some, who realize that emanation of atoms in the form of streams of bombardment such as rays of light, are not properly call-

ed "vibrations," because they certainly do not oscillate or move back and forth as a pendulum, or with the conglutinative movement of waves. The origin of the vibratory idea is in the fact that broadcasting and receiving surfaces such as drum-heads and ear-drums do, 'vibrate,' causing a fluctuation of velocity in the intervening "bombardment" which clothes our perception with the vibration of our

own receiving apparatus.

Thoughts, as emanations, or "vibrations" (for lack of a more familiar term), must be "things" for they have power to cause emotion, and to give energy to one's desire. Thought will vibrate the different faculties according to its own intensity, as well the string of one piano communicate its vibration to a string of the same tone in another — illustrating the law that like responds to like.

The effect of thought from one mind upon the thoughts of another, depends upon the personal magnetism and will-power. The sensing of particular thoughts need not involve confusion, for there is no confusion in the universe.

If an electrical current is sent through a wire from the positive pole of a battery, it will return to the negative. Though it were connected with another battery, it would still go back to its origin.

It is impossible to confuse the power of a horse-shoe magnet. It will attract steel and iron, but not brass, copper or lead. It will find iron and steel filings among millions of grains of sand, without confusion.

So may thought be sent and received without confusion, for a human being is the greatest magnet known, with his magnetic attraction of love and intelligence. And so also may thought be sent and received without confusion, as are radio programs upon different wavelengths from thousands of stations, to millions of receiving stations.

These things may be better understood by a meditative study of nature, whence all things spring.

The phenomena of magnetism is the same in principle upon all planes. Magnetism in nature is a form of light. The sun attracts all living things, releases the life-force into growth and absorption of the light, which is thus imprisoned in trees and other vegetation, which in course of thousands of years becomes buried in the earth to form coal, which is mined and burned to generate the heat under water in boilers, producing steam which runs an engine to turn a dynamo that generates magnetism powerful

enough to lift tons of steel, or to release its power back into light again through filaments of incandescent bulbs to replace the sun at night.

The body may be compared to a storage battery that has been charged with electricity to give it life. After having used up its vitality, it becomes useless until re-charged. And thus with the body if it were not re-charged every night in rest and sleep, or by hope and love.

A certain amount of energy is used during the day. Hope recharges the body. When meeting a loved one, the face flushes, and the heart's action quickens from the contact with another element opposite to itself.

All muscles relax in sleep. The body while in this condition absorbs electrical energy from the atmosphere until fully charged; whereupon it awakens, being filled with this "magnetism" as a sponge with water.

If one does not get up, however, when first awake; rolling over to fall asleep again, causing an overcharge, one is apt to have a headache, and feel miserable, cross or blue.

The primary coil of the human mechanism is induced to intensity of thought. Blood is the iron core with nerves around it. An iron core, with poor bodies, induces only temporary magnetism. Only pure tempered steel may induce permanent magnetism.

There is a material magnetism which fades, and a spiritual magnetism which is Eternal. Both attract. The gravity of the earth draws all things to it. Magnetism attracts its own steel and iron. Spiritual or human magnetism, called love, attracts to itself its own.

Sunlight draws vegetation. Curiosity draws attention. Hatred draws the knife of death. The innocent baby the pure lips of the mother in a kiss. The voluptuous lips, the animal in man, to perpetuate more love and attraction. Still, all is later drawn to earth in that loving embrace to absorb constantly. Our eyes are fastened by admiration to the graceful deer, woman or flower.

An arrow from the bow is attracted into the heart of the deer; our bodies absorb its flesh. The beautiful woman and strong man are made one, a complete magnet whence is created its likeness.

Fruit looks appetizing. We pluck and absorb it, like the earth our bodies. The flower we admire and pin to our breast, inhaling its fragrance because our magnetism of love attracted us to it.

God is the Master-power: hence our hope is the light by which we find faith that leads us to intuition to understand our forgotten eternal existence.

SALT AND SUGAR

Often compliments, advice and flattery are written acrobatically, rhythmically, as a beautiful dance with the finest music which, if removed, ridicules and embarrasses the truth.

Many a bullet hits victims not intended. It is best to note when receiving advice whether the man has breakfast or dinner, so you may know which way the compass points, or the indicator of the barometer.

Salt does not go well with sugar, even though they look alike. Taste them first.

APPRECIATION

Let me draw your attention to how easy it is to forget Appreciation: your first gold ring, fraternity pin, your first rosary, your army uniform, your diploma, your honor credit, your wife (when you were not sure she would be your wife)—and now? How do you feel about it all? What has happened.

GOD DEMANDS OF US to build what we expect to live in after we pass on.

If it be a heaven, constitute by faith, that it shall be.

If it be a hell, of doubt and fear that shall be ours.

A caterpillar believes in the building of a cocoon to rest and be transformed,

Hence minds the business of a caterpillar.

How about ourselves?

*G*I*V*E*I*T*A*T*H*O*U*G*H*T*

The Age of Intuition

MAN SLOWLY APPROACHES the epoch of the human radio. His antennae of Imagination opens that inner ear that hears the silent broadcast of the ages which still vibrates in the atmosphere. His mortal ear already hears the music and words.

Surely we may learn much by watching the insect with its antennae moving in every direction, sensing the danger we cannot see. It protects itself without that great gift to man: Imagination. It only acts upon its inherent power of instinct.

Man possesses a sleeping antennae which periodically reaches out into the Great Unknown, and brings back truth yet unborn to us. Some live but a few days from their future, and sense it; while others fear death because it is so far away, and because their sense of vitality harnessed to procrastination creates that fear of being deprived of that life which means so much because of it.

Insects use their antennae to sense approaching danger, which they avoid, but know not its source without reason. Why should not man have a more highly developed sense by the protection of reason, or the cause with its effect?

There is another world just over the border, the world of dreams, ideals, phantoms . . . Many have seen it by intuition; some have felt it by insanity; some have dreamed it by night; some by nightmares; some have preached it as "purgatory"; some forced themselves into it by suicide; some drifted into it by despair; others passed through by work well done; others forced into it by murder, until the debt is paid by conscience, where the soul poises a moment to take its departure: hence what is known as "spirit phenomena", or the depot between Death and Life, as it was life unto death, negative to positive, positive to negative.